THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, { EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849. WHOLE NO. 1476.

Original Poetry.

A REPLY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. S. SMITH.

"I suppose you will become a very poetic angel when disembodied, and wreath the world of mind into melody. I should like to live after this state of things exists, so that it may be breathed into my soul at twilight, and entrance me with spiritual melody while I yet exist in the present life; preparatory to that higher, holier, sublimer life we now live to ennoble for."

Letter from a friend.

Ah, yes, gentle friend, thou hast rightly divined
That when I shall sink to my rest,
And my wild harp hath breathed its last sigh to the wind,
And the green turf is laid on my breast,
That swiftly I'll soar like an angel of light,
To retune my hushed lyre in the skies;
And sweetly I'll sing in the clear starry night,
While the soft wing of sleep veils thine eyes!

Perchance, lovely dreamer, I yet may descend
From some radiant orb of the bless'd,
And as a fond mother doth soothingly bend,
To lull her tired infant to rest,
E'en thus would I soothe thee, when weary and worn,
And sing thee most gently to sleep,
And waft thee in dreams to that far distant bourne,
Where the mourner forgets e'en to weep.

I would sing to thee, love, of the Heaven thou wilt win,
By thy life of devotion and truth;
Thou hast waged a stern warfare with falsehood and sin,
And ennobled thy beautiful youth!
My soul hath a mission thou hast not divined,—
Enshrined in this frail sinking form,
Is a spirit, though gentle, aye, patient and kind,
That recks not the wind or the storm.

Should the fierce chilling blasts of adversity blow,
And thy soul seem bereft of its power,
While the fast falling tears down thy pallid cheek flow,
I will whisper to thee in that hour!
And infuse in thy soul the high courage that takes
Deepest root 'neath the pitiless storm—
The spirit that bends to the blast yet ne'er breaks,
Can a host of misfortunes disarm.

Through the fair fields of science thy footsteps now roam,
Culling sweets like the wild honey bee,
While thy soul plumes its wing for its heavenly home,
Through the voices that whisper to thee!
Like the soft breathing zephyr, that bears on its wing
The perfume of the sweet scented flowers,
Thou hast the sweet art to extract from each thing
The bloom of life's sunniest hours!

I know that thy pathway lies distant and lone,
Far away, near the deep sounding sea;
Could spirits like thine daily gladden my home,
That home would be Heaven to me.
Though the far distant hills and the dark rolling main,
Divide thy loved spirit from mine,
I know we shall meet to part not again,
By many a token and sign!

We shall meet in that land where the kindred in mind
Are no longer led captive by fate;
Where the sweet chords of love and affinity bind
Each soul to its wandering mate!
I shall know thee, beloved, by thy soft flowing hair,
Thy white cheek and radiant brow,
Yet I know not, sweet friend, if the smile thou wilt wear
Will seem more angelic than now!

Evansville, Sept. 8, 1849.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HAGAR AT HEATH HALL.

"Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria." *Dante.*

All night the children slept on their rude pallet, [illegible]

"But it will be quite impossible to get over it with a horse."

"Yes, just now it will, but in an hour or two the crust will be melted. Oh! this snow, deep as it is, will not last long; it comes too late in the season; the last offering of old winter, who turned back to make it. Yes, there is a great change since last night, I should think the thermometer had risen thirty degrees. I declare the sun begins to feel warm on my shoulders. Well, Hagar, stay here till I come. Oh! there are some crackers in my trunk, if you want them for the children, here are the keys," and throwing them to her, he buttoned up his great coat, drew on his gloves, clapped his hat upon his head and set out. He might have been gone an hour, but she heard no trampling of horse feet upon the soft snow, and so was unconscious of their approach until Gusty opened the door, and stood smilingly with his broad good-humored face within it. Behind him—standing on tip-toe, to look over his shoulder, was Tarquinius, grinning with delight from ear to ear. And breaking past them, yelping defiance like fire and sword, sprang two pointers, straight upon Hagar, whom they overwhelmed with welcome caresses! She started with brightening eyes, and returned their honest fondling. Then how they bounded, leaped, and fell into convulsions of joy! or, lay their muzzles out upon her lap, every hair vibrating with a still delight.

"Come, Mrs. Withers, are you quite ready?" said Gusty, drawing off his gloves and putting them into his pocket.

"Oh, yes, quite ready."

"How do you do, Tarquinius?" said she, kindly holding out her hand to the man that had been standing smiling and bowing his reverential welcome (making his *obeisance*, he called it,) through all this scene. "How is old Cumbo—how is your grandmother, Tarquin."

"Putty much de same, I thank you, ma'am—I does not see any changes."

"Yet she is very aged."

"Yes, ma'am, but her ages does not get any wusser, but commiserably better."

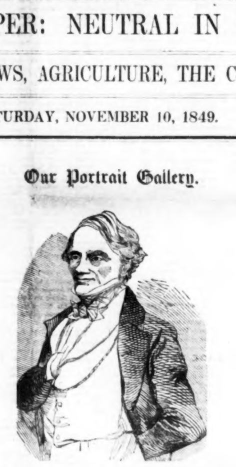
"Can she do anything for herself?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am! she deforms de cookinary boderations as well as ever she did," and making two or three deep bows, Tarquinius Superbus retired from the conference.

There was an unusual kindliness in Hagar's manner while inquiring after the welfare of her old nurse; one of the blessed influences of sorrow was beginning to manifest itself—her heart was softening, becoming capable of being impressed by the afflictions of others.

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.



LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Our interesting correspondent, D. W. Bartlett, in his sketch of "Parliamentary Notabilities," in our last number, thus describes Lord John Russell, the present Premier of England, whose portrait we have obtained from another source, and give above: "He is of small height, diminutive in size, and in arms and legs the same, has a grannyish looking face, the features being dry, small and wrinkled, has two intelligent black eyes which sparkle brilliantly, a decent forehead, little hair and a pompous general appearance."

me. I cared for nothing but to keep my Maker's laws, because no one cared for me then."

"And no one cares for you *now* as I can see!" said Gusty, rudely.

"No—*but I care for others!* I care for the honor of one whose honor is more vulnerable through *me* than through *himself!* Once I was unconnected—and if society had misunderstood, judged, and condemned me, I should have fallen ALONE! and so I had courage to do as I pleased and defy the fate! *now* I am closely entwined with others, who, when *I* am struck down, fall with me. I am weak, [illegible]

every morning and evening. In this—for the purposes of Raymond Withers—seemingly promising state of affairs, they arrived at Genoa—the post of Raymond Withers's consulship. On the voyage out, Miss Aguilar had passed for what she really was—the ward of Captain and Mrs. Wilde—going out under the protection of the new Consul to rejoin them. It had been the design of Raymond Withers on reaching the shores of Italy, to find some convenient and obscure but beautiful pallazzo, buried in some fragrant grove by the side of some lovely stream—furnish and adorn it [illegible]

[illegible]

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTABILITIES.

Lord Palmerston, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, a man which for many years he has enjoyed with distinguished ability, sits near the Premier, and like the qr of a statesman. Whatever his actions have invariably been such as to favor liberty, I will not attempt to decide, but on one can doubt his great ability. He is one of our first diplomatists in Europe and the world, and has been acknowledged as for many years. In his late speech in favor of Hungary and liberal sentiments has given him a popularity among the English people which he had lost, or nearly so, by a dubious political life of many years. His liberal sentiments created the unanimous cheer which a strain every nerve in a movement against his acceptance of the Foreign Secretaryship, but a decided movement in his favor, on the part of the liberals, saved him. He is an accomplished speaker, and a perfect gentleman. His oratory is finished —when he attacks an opponent he does not sting like D'Israeli, nor thunder like O'Connell, but goes to work scientifically, and never leaves off until he has completely demolished his man. He is per parliament, "a used up." His personal appearance is excellent; he has a fine young face and of hair, intelligent eye, and a commanding figure.

The Speaker of the House is distinguished for impartiality, sound judgment, and a critical knowledge of parliamentary rules. Since his induction into office, not a single case of any action appealed to there has ever complained of his bearing or decisions. His reputation for generosity is good among the laborers—for he gives liberally to them, and a plenty of them—and there are many of that species of humanity who call on him. He is a bachelor.

Richard Monckton Milnes is a member of the House of Commons, but is not distinguished particularly as a speaker or a politician. His fame as a author was first to be pointed out to the fore of that House, for its foundation in Truth and Beauty: His wild, sweet rhymes gain for him more than usual the dust of political strife, an enviable homage. All acknowledge his poetic merit, and few in the number even of his political enemies. He is a small, dark-haired, brilliant-eyed person, with a young appearance, and a very quick gait. His beautiful eyes are not to be mistaken in these respects, for they tell a language not to be mistaken, of the rare exquisite genius in the brain, which lies back of them, and whose reflections they are.

Among the ranks of Parliamentary Reformers stands first and foremost the name of Richard Cobden, the champion of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation. He is perhaps the most self-made man of any body, originating a movement whose tendency was to overturn all the then existing notions of political orthodoxy, and opposed by almost a whole nation at first, has lived to witness the complete triumph of his agitation, and himself the idol of the closing scenes. For seven years he toiled with his hands and brains for cheap bread for the English people, giving his money like water, was in the first stages of his movement hunted down like a wild beast by all classes of mankind, was laughed at, scorned, and trodden upon—yet, by his single perseverance he vanquished the obloquy of the proud politicians, and first conquering the people through them, humbled Parliament into a kneeling position, and finally received, when a perfect faith in the truth of his principles, and treasured a glorious consummation. To close the triumph, England gave him a half million of dollars to repay him for his toil and ruinous interruption of the seven years' struggle, and European Courts received him with all the honors that a Prince of royal descent could have expected. That was a valuable meeting, when, after the success was complete, the few men who originated the great agitation met in the very "upper room" where seven years before they had gathered to labor for the present time. Some of them had grown gray in the struggle—all of them showed the marks of toil, but a thrill of delight looked out from every eye when the present came up in contrast with the past. It was no paltry festival of adulation gratified men of satiated revenge. It was the inviting when the philanthropist and Christian shows when good principles and honest measures are adopted by a nation's lawgivers. To look at the true warrior from the standpoint of the present, and see how week after week the little band increased in England, and finally, by slow degrees, within the walls of the Houses of Commons, and how pallor after pallor of the opposing party fell in the ground, till finally the great corner-stone crumbled and the whole structure tottered down en mass, as calculated to startle the enthusiasm in any one not a stoic. But however pleasant the sight is from the present to those agitators, it was no boy's play, but a terrible, a stormy battle, where success given to it its present tumultuous action, and to which defeat would have given cloaks of gloom and heavy sadness.

The night I sat silvent into the House, a strange scene was in my brain to gaze upon the keen of the great battle of ideas, and I asked eagerly for Richard Cobden. He was in his seat and I gazed at him for an half-hour, entirely forgetting the rest of the House. He is a well-built, good-sized man, with a broad and massive forehead, eyes of jet black, and hair of the same color. His features are all ample, his dress plain likewise, and so is his oratory. When he speaks, it is with a clear enunciation that attracts the attention of his auditors. His argumentation is logical, and perfectly lucid that no one can lose connect it. Sophisms are useless in a controversy with him—he shows them up with such promptness dispatch. He never rants in his wise would be called an eloquent speech—a speech flaming with passion and poetry—but at a single, lucid, fascinating manner, evolves great ideas, substantiates them with facts, and pleads with appeals to the common sense of the nation. The success of such eloquence is always greater in the end than that of the passionate, rhetorical appeal, which for a time surpasses the former in tone and commotion.

John Bright is the most distinguished of Cobden's associates in the struggle for cheap bread. He is a Quaker, and what is a little unique, he surpasses Cobden in the ingeniously of his eloquence. His speeches frequently are vehement and passionate, and he talks more of right and wrong, religious duties and principles, while Cobden talks of policy and economy. He appears to the nation's cause of right and justice, while Cobden takes it from their supply and demand. His eyes are small and sparkling, he is a little corpulent, and in his speech is fierce. Attracts a deal of attention. The movement could no more have spared him Cobden—with more, the qualities and which they both possess, were necessary to the speedy success of their principles. They were every where together during the long campaign, and are identified alike in the honors of the triumph. He is a practising in the Society of Friends in Britain, who compose a large amount of wealth and talent, and who generally gave in early the to adherence to the Anti-Corn-Law movement, it a gratifying to them to be represented in Parliament by one of their own religious persuasion and whose popularity is unbounded among all sects and among all classes.

Joseph Hume, the celebrated Scotch political economist has for many years been a member of the House of Commons, and to the most active of the Corn-Law Agitation gave his influence and varies to Cobden-Bright's cause. He is known among the world over, and as it is usually calculated in defense of the right, it gains him great popularity with the people. No reversal clears ever great task in the model of a speech, for they only serve to heighten his fame. He has a delight in boisterous opposition, for then he can with good grace exhibit his Scotch clanfaces. He has never yet lodged for any amount of overdrawn cases or causes, and when he does it may be looked as a sure sign that his spirit is broken. It is grand sometimes to see the obstinate old hero stand long patience before a couple of hours of unpleasant pothole. He is cross-built, has a keen grey eye, massive forehead, and looks as he is.

C. J. Fox, "the infidel-statesman," as he is sometimes called, is a fine-looking man, who sits on the lower benches. His speeches are of the most classical kind, and he commands the attention of the House whenever he speaks, which frequently. He is a Reformer and no able one. In religious matters he is a Unitarian, and often fills preacher to a weekly audience of Free-Thinkers. He takes his text from the Bible, Shakespeare, Plato, Epictetus, Carlyle or the Koran, as occasion may be. His sermons are said to be exceedingly original, instructive and eloquent.

Colonel Thompson is one of the most eccentric men in the House, and is self-and-self famous, though elected as a Government supporter. He is, however, tardy out of the traces of party, and bids fair never to get in again. He is bitter, unlicensed, powerful and searching in what he says or the time, and is withal, so true that he never wounds the House.

Col. Thompson, a white-headed veteran, is another member whose name has long been on the roll of the Democracy.

Lord Seymour is about the only not in Britain whose sentiments on Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments meet the views of the people. He is very popular, and recently declared sentiments at a public meeting in reference to Hungary, liberty in general, and the resistance of Europe that would have met with a hearty reception here.

Charles Buckley is another substantial, "rough and-ready" defender of the interests of the lowly classes, and Thomas Wakley is his compeer. The latter is known among medical men as the proprietor of the *Lancet* Journal. He is sharp and clever, and whenever he speaks does it in the point and quickly.

NAPOLEON'S TOMB AT ST. HELENA.

In the course of the afternoon I was favored with numerous anecdotes of what had occurred on the tomb of Napoleon, within Mr. Girault's recollection. I was particularly amused at an account of an ironclad Frenchman, who conceived himself insulted by a Yankee. Though such an encounter must less in the repetition, I shall give it as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator. An Englishman some years since visited the tomb, and inclosed in the register a verse on the ex-Emperor to this effect:

Here lies great Napoleon,
A soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him at
The battle of Waterloo.

This was not in very good taste, nor exactly such an allusion as an Englishman should be guilty of at the tomb of a conquered foe. Nevertheless, it contained indisputable truths. A Yankee visited the place soon after. Determined to punish the braggart for so illiberal and unmanly an attack on the dead, he wrote immediately under it—

But genuine still, and braver far,
And tougher than shoe-leather,
Was Washington, a man who could
Have licked 'em both together.

The next visitor was a Frenchman, who, like an old veteran, became deeply attached to the memory of Napoleon. When he had read the first lines, he hastily turned over the leaves of the register, "Mon Dieu! Quel sacrilege! Sans doute, les Anglais sont de grands cochons!" The Yankee skipper's addition next attracted his eye. He started as he read; gasped, grinned, read the lines again; then dashing his cap on the ground, began to cut a paroxysm of indignation, screaming, "Diable! Diable! Sacrilege! Ce sont des cochons, but le livre Canadien is one savage horrible! I challenge him! I shall cut him in very little pieces!" He rolled his sleeves, threw off his coat, and sought the Yankee everywhere. Alas, the bird flew! A day had elapsed, and the storm had gone! Unappeased in his wrath, the Frenchman called upon the General in charge, whose bald redress could not be laid there. Straightway went the enraged man with his complaint to the Governor, the Excellency immediately became humanized, philosophized, but to no purpose. Nothing would satisfy the Frenchman but having the coaster of the offensive lines, which by order were immediately stricken from the register.—*Washington of a Whaling Voyage.*

Miscellaneous.

LINES TO FREDERIKA BREMER.

BY MISS ANNE C. LYNCH.

"Heredite, when I no more belong to earth, I shrink into to wear in as a page, and—shall not suffer the deepest of that which I have suffered and enjoyed, effect which has sent to the hearts of millions. It comes in the midnight hour to a storing and unpeaceful pillow, and the Past will be present. The Past will be present, and the Future will be present, according to promise, in all our remembrances in death, and in the life, and the time of the expiration of their respective subscriptions, *gratis.*

Hebrews—nay, from that thy work e'en have
To many a storing spirit dost them come,
Never lady! lovely, gay for all nothing bottoms home.
Like a lone presence from another sphere,
And Love and Faith, the angels of the soul,
Have hovered with brighter flame at thy control.

A friend and sister art thou now to those
Who, wearied with the world, have sought a weary load.
And him and with-worn tread the desert road.
To them thou hast been as a star to guide,
Thou'st gained that step where sadness day up pass.

The faith whose followers are baptized with tears,
There came no voices from thy distant shore.
To tell the anguish of thy country's woes.
We saw no gleaming of her household fires,
A cold and lonely light had risen on us,
Until thy gathered thoughts broke on our eyes
Like a golden sunset of the west,
And hint and with-worn tread the desert road.
To them thou hast been as a star to guide,
Thou'st gained that step where sadness day up pass.

The faith whose followers are baptized with tears,
There came no voices from thy distant shore.
To tell the anguish of thy country's woes.
We saw no gleaming of her household fires,
A cold and lonely light had risen on us,
Until thy gathered thoughts broke on our eyes
Like a golden sunset of the west,
Where the lap-colors of our Western world
Are scattered through the air in many hues,
Where, glowing with young life, our colors stand,
Where all is changeful, changeless, save to wait
Of old the oracle to the patriarch's suit.

My harp is timeless and unknown to fame;
A few wild strains, like the fitful gusts that sighs
Or which sweeps fitfully the passing gale.
Would I indeed were worthier of song
That I might bear across the distant sea
Some echo of my thoughts to greet thee there.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1850.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR THIS PAPER ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will meet themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves that they will show our Prospectus to some other individual who is a responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competitors. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is free to the subscriber as at first class papers, as on the moment and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed, and the name of the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the Post Office, to prevent delay.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address at once their cap do so conveniently.

BACK NUMBERS.

Now subscribers desire the back numbers containing "The Deserted Wife," will please inform us of the fact, and we will send them gratis. All other cases they will be sent, until the story is concluded.

OUR PREMIUM.

We renewed, last year, our offer of a premium to the sloops of the *Post gratis for one year*, to the Post Office which should send us the largest number of subscribers between the 1st of November, 1849, and the 1st of November, 1850. Upon consulting our subscription books, we find that the number of Post Offices which have sent us lists of names, is Troy, Pennsylvania,—which town has sent us a list last year, 114 names. The Post Office which has sent, according to promise, to all our subscribers is Troy, Pa. We will send at the time of the expiration of their respective subscriptions, *gratis.*

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Hibernian has arrived, but brings no news as to the determination of the Czar in the affairs of Turkey. It is generally believed, however, that the Czar will, for once, have his own way, and come to blows with England and France united. Sem, Dombolasi, and other Poles, who have been persecuted until their principal religion is almost hated at Russia, have not only embraced Islamism, but have entered the Turkish army. They will be valuable auxiliaries, in case the present dispute comes to blows.

Thirteen Hungarian generals have been shot by order of Count Haynau.—Austria is revenging herself for her disgrace in allowing a part of Hungary contended hand to hand. Count Batthyany, Prime Minister of Hungary, was sentenced to be hung, but in order to evade that ignominious death, he procured a dagger and relieved himself by suicide. He recorded only partially, and was then ordered to be shot. He fell, pierced by seven balls. Twenty-four other leaders of the highest rank, endeavored to dip their handkerchiefs in the blood before they were executed, but were prevented by Austrian bayonets. A curse on the reigning house of Austria!—may it live to know of day when it ceases to be a tyranny and infatuation, the bravest bulwarks of human freedom.

A number of the Hungarians who made an heroic resistance, have fled to England, and are coming to the United States—Gen. Klapka among them. In New York, a sum of money is being raised for the relief of Hungarian refugees, and a committee of citizens has been appointed to assist them upon their arrival. Should not Philadelphia do something? It is very unfavorable, but there certainly considerable number are about to leave for this country? Should not Congress should express the national feeling by suitable resolutions and a grant of land.

The Irish journals are filled with accounts of the abdication of crops. In the Southern and in the West of Ireland they are the ruinous. The people determination to defend the landlords of their crops in this novel manner. Of course, it is a very bad one, and illegal, but we hesitate to severely censure a starving people. Frequent and serious collisions have taken place between the peasantry engaged in the removal of crops and the police, not more unlikely. Every struggle is a sad one.

An aid-de-camp from the Emperor of Russia arrived in Paris on the 10th ult., charged with a special message to the President of the Republic. There is a rumor from Paris that, in consequence of the relation in which Louis Napoleon stands to the Czar, he would gladly forego the support of the nation in behalf of Turkey. The National Assembly is now engaged upon the subject in question. There had made a report decidedly unfavorable to the request, and it is said to be opposed in the President's letter to M. Ney.

The conclusion at which M. Thiers arrives, in his report upon the question of the recognition of the independence of the Pope as a temporal sovereign, and upon the further independence of the Catholic Church and the rights of the people are at once the most liberal and the most wise.

It is said further that the question of the Pope will be responded to by the French nation, and if they would encamp and then upon the Pope to be recalled, and will be supported by the President in the Republic, the Pope would be reinstated. A report was very counterbalancing to the President of the Republic, and the Assembly grant unanimously to M. Odilon Barrot, in which he informed him that the Assembly had no objection to make, but the policy it advocated were those on which the Assembly would be united, and that the Assembly appeared to him compatible with the interests, the honor and the dignity of France.

At a Ministerial Council, held subsequently, it was decided that the Government should, for the exclusively, the policy laid down in the letter of the President of the Republic, to which resolution will be, it is said, to make M. Odilon Barrot, Minister of Foreign Affairs, in the room of M. Rouher. No actual hostilities have taken place on the part of the Assembly, to indicate the feeling of the nation, but it is said that the Pope and there was a rumor from Paris that the following Monday, the Chamber of Deputies would have satisfactorily adjusted.

In the Adriatic, on the 15th and 16th ult., the principal subject of debate was the annual decoy of the Po, and the Austrian Lloyd's Company have been extensively opposed by M. Michael Lagan, at present by the Sardinian Steam Navigation Company.

The products of seventy departments have stated to M. Thiers—that in their departments Re-Republicanism is spreading to an alarming extent," and that "Socialism steadily continues to gain ground, because Turkey so far did towards Rome as her sons of people." Multitudes of citizens will spread more rapidly than ever.

The producers appear to be in earnest about the proposed President's exhibition of the world's industry. At a large and highly respectable meeting, held last August in the chair, the best means of attracted towards the plan of the projectors, and of which of exhibitors, and the most suitable site for the first time in one house into. The whole valley slopes gradually to the lake, and the soil is exceedingly productive, and the climate is mild and healthy. Their designs may be carried out by the end of 1851, when 4,000 persons will spread over the Crystal Palace. We have now for a report.

If the exhibition in question comes off, Turkey will be represented in the midst of the world on the occasion. Among other products of industry and art, we would recommend that Connecticut should send a ship load of wooden nutmegs, to be sold by auction. We can again, and we can assure the noble that Governor Johnston has done this many and valuable thing? We pause for a reply.

TWADDLE.

Dr. Bethune has resigned the Presidency of the Seaman's Friend Society, of this city, and quite right. He has become somewhat notorious for his Sabbath and Sunday views, and the Board of Managers of that Society has been publicly rebuked by many of its auxiliaries throughout the country. The reverend gentlemen at such a "seaman's friend" as to be opposed to the abolition of the Sabbath-mail system, and to the use of the mail on that day, and has made himself the correspondent and respondence in question strikes us as a most ridiculous piece of assumption.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Governor Johnston has appointed Thursday, the 28th inst., as the next, as a day of Prayer and Thanksgiving throughout Pennsylvania, and recommends all the good people of this commonwealth to meet on that day, and unite in thanksgiving for the same."

The same day, November 28th, has also been appointed by the Governors of New York, Maryland and Ohio.

ALL PAID.

A paragraph in the Foreign News by the Europe, asserted that the French Government intended to withhold the last instalment due to the United States under the Treaty of 1803, so as offset to the claims urged by Mr. Pinkney. But, as it appears that the "last instalment" is quarterly paid, no difficulty need be apprehended on the account.

JACINTO PAT.

Jacinto Pat, the leader of the insurgent Indians in Yucatan, has been commissioned by the Governor to come to terms with the whites. *Poor Pat!*

KEEP TO THE TRUTH.

An exemplification of the good policy as well as the morality of keeping strictly to the truth upon all occasions, is furnished us by the recent Boston affair. The Washington correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer, with whom the report that M. Bodisco had been banished to Siberia, originated, now says "the facts of the case will turn out as follows:"

1st. M. Bodisco received the edict of the Emperor, in accordance with the request of the Emperor, that he would not accept.

2d. M. Bodisco is now in St. Petersburgh, under the displeasure of the Emperor, from which he may not escape.

I might make these things apparent to every body, but I prefer to wait. Will commanding a less *that I am not in the habit of speaking at random.*

The "Independent," the new Associationist journal of New York, announces that the Fourierites are to the United States of Columbia Association, and gives a guess that it thinks we ought to be willing to pay for them:

The acquisition of our Canton House revenue, which, during the last year, amounted to $2,500,000 per annum; the saving of $600,000 a year, for the transportation of the mails between the Atlantic and the Union; the closing up of more than a thousand miles of the great Lakes and the St. Lawrence, thereby giving to the Northern States the entire control of the most important channel of the country for commerce, extending through the heart of the North American Continent; the control of the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the North, and the Gulf of Mexico on the South, are considerations. We have, besides, the valuable products of Columbia Land especially known for its inexhaustible supply of gum, oak and walnut lumber, and the finest Sugar Plantations anywhere in the Union. To all these may be added our solid gold mines, many of which are already profitably developed. To such a Confederation as the United States of Columbia, the above advantages are invaluable—worth far more than the $12,000,000 which we propose to pay for them. Let us have the Canadas. As regards Canada, her debt of $15,000,000 is to be assumed by us, and her revenue of $1,500,000 is to be added to our own. Total of Treaty, $28,500,000. Canada to receive in return an extended system of Railways from Quebec to Halifax.

The plan of "The Independent" is to endeavor to elect a majority in the Canadian Legislature favorable to annexation, and then to make a treaty with Great Britain for independence, and then with the United States for admission into the Union as Sovereign States.

TEXTS ON DANCING.

Some time ago we said it might be instructive to have a collection of texts of Scripture in which dancing is mentioned. We now find the following list in a contemporary, though we are not sure that it is full. We have also seen complete ones—these texts seem to go to prove that dancing is not always improper, when indulged at proper seasons and places, and in moderation.

"The joy of our heart is ceased; our dance is turned into mourning."—*Lamentations v. 15.*

"A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn and a time to dance."—*Ecclesiastes iii. 4.*

"And Miriam, the prophetess, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and dances."—*Exodus xv. 20.*

"Let them praise his name in the dance."—*Psalm cxlix. 3.*

"Let them praise his name in the dance."—*Psalm cl. 4.*

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod. So David and all the house of Israel brought up the ark of the Lord with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet."—*2 Samuel vi. 14, 15, 16.*

"And as he drew near, even now, and behold, the daughter of Saul came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances."—*Judges xi. 34.*

"And they shall sing and rejoice in the dance."—*Jeremiah xxxi. 4.*

"Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, both young men and old together: for I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them, and make them rejoice from their sorrow."—*Jeremiah xxxi. 13.*

"Go and lie in wait in the vineyards, and see and behold, if the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance; then come you out of the vineyards, and catch you every man his wife."—*Judges xxi. 20, 21.*

"Then shall the virgin rejoice in the dance, and the young men and old together."—*Jeremiah xxxi. 13.*

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—*Isaiah xxxv. 6.*

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—*Isaiah xxxv. 6.*

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—*Isaiah xxxv. 6.*

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing."—*Isaiah xxxv. 6.*

SMITH & BEALE'S PANORAMA.

The panorama of the most prominent scenes in the life of the Saviour, painted by Messrs. Smith & Beale, is now open to and from the Odeon, now exhibiting at the Masonic Hall, in this city, and which we have visited on two occasions. The scenery at the Delaware River, Charleston, West India Islands, Rounding Cape Horn, Valparaiso, Chili, Lima, Peru, Panama, Grand Route, Gold Diggings, Gold Washers, Mexico, Sandwich Islands, Pacific Islands, Pacific Ocean, Hongkong, Canton, Macao, &c., &c., &c., make up the panorama, which is in three sections, and occupies a large room. The accompanying lecture imparts a great amount of useful information on the geography, productions, and the manners and customs of America, &c. Go and see it, and take the young people with you.

THE PHILHARMONIC.

The first concert of the Philharmonic Society was pretty much as we described it in the Saturday Post of last week. Tedious, however, as out quite so fine a concert longer as we expected—she is a fine singer, and has a voice that is not only of great compass, but of great power and beauty, but out of "sea shells"—these being only two pieces that she sang—she sang the "Casta Diva" and all the pieces between upon it.—"Lucia," performed for the first time, to a beautiful, fashionable audience, and was received with great favor by the latter. Joseph Ellers got as much as he could out of "North American" and "Yankee Doodle," and the Spanish song, "La Colasa," as well as it could be sung, but we cannot say that we admire it, or believe might have had to "stand Spanish."

AN AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

The English correspondent of the Ledger, of this city, says that a late American Ambassador "has left behind him a character for—what? Why—a handsome turn out—the American Eagle all over the carriages—liveries of blue and buff—and dazzling mounted coats and gorgeous plush breeches."

Some young Adams, when he was Ambassador, went as very different style—and all know is what he left behind him—a character for first class plain plain and simple republicanism the Judson Davis.

But then there is a wide difference between your Bancrofts, and your Adamses, and Franklins.

FALSE REPORT.

Since our last issue, the report has been received by a report from Washington, that Bodisco, the Russian Minister at Washington, while on a visit to St. Petersburg, had been exiled to Siberia for the crime of holding property in this country without permission of the Czar. The report was circulated with the Washington correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer. The story is denied by Madame Bodisco (who is an American lady, and has not gone to Russia with her husband,) in her written declaration.

JENNY LIND.

A correspondent writes us regarding that there had not been an "exciting concert" for "two days," announces an "pretty good authority," that an "exciting concert" will positively be made—announces for a visit from Jenny Lind. We think we have heard such a report before, but not authority of about three months ago.

New Publications.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. *From the Discovery of the American Continent. By John Gorham Palfrey. Vol. III.* Boston: Little & Brown.

The third and last volume of this new and entirely valuable History of the United States, is before us. It contains the history of the Revolution, and the formation of the Federal Constitution. We are much pleased with the description of the battle of Bunker's Heights and the surrender of Burgoyne. Also the account of the organization of the Convention rather peculiar patriotism of our Revolutionary fathers, and the virtues of Washington, and arrived in camp the day before the battle.) There is error, however, respecting the time of the arrival of Lafayette in this country. Lafayette arrived in camp the day before the battle. (See Sparks' Life of Washington.) We have also noticed other errors in the work, but must speak in all other respects in high terms of praise. The style is clear and forcible, and the work is one of great value.

CRIME IN IRON.—I observed it stated that a quantity of iron, imported into Boston, was sold at a sacrifice simply because it was marked considerably with chalk, and consequently would not weld. As it is a pity that extensive loss should be sustained from a circumstance so easily remedied, and so likely to occur again, I think it should be known that chalked iron can be welded very easily if a little sand is used in the operation, or better still, a little of the sand which is used for sanding large bars of iron. The sand is sprinkled on the iron before welding, and when they ape at a white heat, a fusible silicate of lime is the result, and the welding is effected with much more certainty than if chalked iron and no sand was used.—*Correspondent Public Ledger.*

MRS. BUTLER.—It is stated that Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler that she, recognizing at last the moment Mr. Butler's lawful claims on her as his wife, and sent him a check for twenty thousand dollars, being the receipt of her readings of Shakspeare, which he, of course, declined, and the money, returned it her. It is also said that she resisted the application for divorce on the ground of the probable cause of Dr. Wight's effects in the sister presidency. The capital and the mechanical skill which, since the introduction of Whitney's cotton gin, in 1793, have been brought to bear by the Americans on the cleaning of the cotton, have given their product an excellence which the Indian planter cannot approach.

A Mr. Bowles, of Georgia, has shipped to England on an order for his medicines from the the King of the Sandwich Islands, to the amount of one thousand dollars, and Indian pagan. Thomas manufacturers of American cotton to the same amount. In 1793, America did not export a single pound of cotton. In 1850 she exported as much as all the rest of the world together. And in 1845, out of 417,000,000 lbs. imported into England, 281,000,000 lbs. came from the United States, while only 34,564,143 lbs. were received by the East India Company. The total value of the cotton exported in 1845, from the three presidencies, does not exceed at £100,000. And now the failure of the experiment in Egypt, with the Government of Reuben Madras, with every appliance of skill and capital to insure success, will at any rate render it extremely improbable that cotton will ever become its rank among the great staples of India.

MUSIC BY LOCOMOTIVE.—News is not the only thing which the magnetic telegraph is able to transmit, but a Boston operator, not liable to the odium which Shakspeare casts upon those having no music in their souls, sent to Troy, on the 10th ult., which proved that Austria and Prussia should assume the administration of the Germanic Confederation, published by the name of all the Governments of the Confederation, until the 1st of May, 1850, unless this power be transferred to a definitive peace before that period.

CONGRESS.—The trial of S. A. Smith, the Post Boy Mail Robber, on a charge of the murder of Mr. Reed, was concluded on Saturday, and attempting to abduct two negroes, were given to the jury on Monday morning. On Wednesday week, and the prisoner found guilty. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for four years and a half.

ACQUITTED.—Mr. I. M. Barrett, of Ohio, who was arrested at Spartanburg, S. C., some time since, on a charge of circulating publications of incendiary nature, has been tried and acquitted.—N. Y. Tribune.

RUN IN MEXICO.—The editor of the St. Louis Republican has been shown a sample of Rice grown in the vicinity of that city. It was raised without irrigation, of the land.

Our Correspondents

THE BUTLER CASE.

MR. EDITOR.—I desire to call the attention of the readers to the result of the recent good deed of the Court of Common Pleas. The case of which the Court has definitely pronounced permission to the parties to marry again. Now it strikes me that this is a matter which should not be left to the lawyers and the Judge, but to the people themselves. The arrangement of the Court is well enough, but I would have it so that the parties themselves could be married at once, and not be obliged to wait for the Court to meet. Why not have the Court meet every week, or every month, and have the parties married at once? Why not have the Court meet every week, or every month, and have the parties married at once? Why not have the Court meet every week, or every month, and have the parties married at once?

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1849.

NEW MODE OF WOOING.

A table of statistics recently published in England, proves conclusively that in "good years," as they are generally termed—prosperous seasons, when business is active—the number of marriages is much greater than in "bad seasons," when trade and business are dull. This fact is humorously taken off in the following supposed conversation between a lover and his mistress, which we find in a contemporary without credit, but which has an uncommonly *Punchy* aspect:

Henry no longer approaches Emma with the eloquence of passion, but with the annual tables of the Board of Trade.

"See my life," he cries, "with what exports I urge my suit! Cast the figures in that column. Turn, oh! turn those beaming eyes on the market increase in British manufactures. Behold, my Emma, how ginghams are going off; let the rise of hardware meet your stern resolves; and oh! be convinced by these bricks!"

"Alas, Henry, you know my heart pleads for you; but what," pointing to an unpropitious column; "can I say in such a state of the iron trade?"

"My own Emma, you torture me! but do not select your columns. Rather, my treasure, fix your regard on the total of the whole."

"Nay, Henry, you are unjust. Are the imports what they should be? Tell me, fond youth, is dividends up to the average; and, even in exports—I ask it with tears!—what is the state of tin?"

"Cruel Emma! But remember, when you thus upbraid, that if you take care of the imports, the exports will take care of themselves; and *e converso*, if the exports are considerable, the imports cannot be defective, whatever, my sweet, the apparent condition of the official values. But what new doubt has seized you? why these tremors? tell me, dearest! Nay, will you not whisper it to your Henry?"

"The—the—the poor rates."

[Enter servant with blue book.]

"Mighty love, be praised! This is the last report of the Poor-law Commissioners. Look, look, my Emma, won at last! The account of in-door relief in England and Wales—"

Emma looks eagerly over his shoulder, glances rapidly at the totals, sinks into his arms, and whispers the tender and enchanting assurance:

"Our union shall swell the next return of the Registrar-General!"

CHLOROFORM.

A recent number of the "Medical Times" chronicles two deaths from Chloroform. It says:

An accident of a very melancholy nature has just occurred in Glasgow. Dr. Adams, resident physician to the Clyde Street Hospital, having occasion to use Chloroform, inhaled it himself, to try its strength, but without any serious consequence; repeating, however, this experiment, and incautiously increasing the dose, the effect was fatal; he fell back and immediately expired.

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Miscellaneous.

MELSENS' IMPORTANT DISCOVERY IN THE MANUFACTURE OF SUGAR.

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natural yield of the sugar crop, and this third becomes, we believe, a total loss. The extraction of the sugar, thus wasted, by simply washing with pure water, is not to be thought of. The air, the heat, the fermentatives and other causes, contribute to establish a rapid fermentation, and no gain can be derived from the operation. But by Melsens' process the difficulty and waste are obviated. With water containing a small quantity of the hyposulphate, not only may the washing be effected with ease, but at the leisure of the planter. Hours or days, at his will, may be employed in this operation, now, per force, neglected altogether. The saccharine washings will be found nearly as rich in sugar as the juice proves, and if treated in the same manner, by purification, by simple filtration, and by concentration in the free air to the consistency of syrup, chrystallization will ensue with equal certainty and success, the product being in all respects similar and equal to that obtained from the juice itself.

A comparison of the methods actually in use, in the extraction of sugar from saccharine juices, with that prescribed by Melsens, will assist in the formation of a correct appreciation of the superiority of the latter.

By the present methods, the crushing being operated under exposure to the air, the alterations attending it render rapidity of execution indispensable. But, however rapid the execution may be, it does not, and cannot, prevent alterations from taking place. Again, the purification effected by means of lime, developes and stimulates the formation of coloring matter, and compels the employment of animal black. Finally, the process of evaporation, which is effected at a high temperature, modifies a portion of the sugar which the heat renders uncrystallizable. From this results the necessity of restoring to repeated operations, and to four or five successive crystallizations, which are never completely productive. Melsens' method, on the other hand, allows of ample time, dispenses with animal black, and effects the production of the solid sugar by a single crystallization.

The present product of a hundred pounds weight of sugar cane does not exceed nine pounds weight of sugar, whereas the natural contents are about eighteen, the whole of which may be extracted by the new method. Introduced into this country, it will prove only second in importance to Whitney's cotton gin. It will increase the culture of the cane and the manufacture of its precious secretion. With the lessened cost of production, the price to the consumer must also be lessened.

GRASPING AMBITION OF RUSSIA.

The present position of Europe, arising from the interference of Russia in the late Hungarian war, having revived the subject of her ambition, and her consequent conquests, with the acquisition of territory thence resulting, I have thought it might prove interesting to many of the readers of your valuable journal to see stated in a short statistical calculation what has been the amount of territory and population added to that vast empire since the accession of Peter the First, with its present population and territory.

	Inhabitants
At the accession of Peter I., 1689, there were	15,000,000
At the accession of Catharine II., 1762,	25,000,000
At her death, in 1796,	36,000,000
At the death of Alexander, 1825,	58,000,000

The acquisitions of territory to Russia from Sweden are greater than what remains of the lat-

[illegible]

DICKENS.

[illegible]

Clippings.

☞ The reporters of the Moniteur have received orders from Mons. Dupin, President of the French Assembly, to affix the title of "Monsieur" to the names of representatives henceforth, and to discontinue the use of the republican term "Citizen."

☞ The bite of a spider is often dangerous. A very large one, of a blue color, with red stripes, bit a Mr. Lish, lately, in Vernon, Ind., while he was asleep. In consequence, he lost the use of his arms, and suffered excruciating pains in the back and legs. His physician found him as if in the collapsed state of cholera, and saved him by the use of active stimulants.

☞ There is a dog in Cincinnati, one year old, who is said to be the Tom Thumb of the bow-wows; he is only nine inches in length, five inches in height, and weighs two pounds and one oz. He's safe—he would make a very small sausage.

☞ Manufactures have made no inconsiderable progress at the South. Georgia has 45 cotton factories, South Carolina 45, Virginia 40, North Carolina 35, and Alabama 20.

☞ A Mr. Towson has invented a method of determining the latitude at sea by altitudes of the sun taken before or after meridian.

☞ A Boston paper condemns a recent History of the United States, because it devotes only three pages to the Battle of Bunker Hill, the only battle that was fought in the Revolution, according to the histories of that period usually written by our Down-East scribes.

☞ God has placed upon earth two gates which lead to heaven. He has placed them at the two extremities of life, one at the entrance, and the other at the point of exit. The first is that of innocence; the last is that of repentence.

☞ La Presse, of Paris, which accomplished more for the election of Louis Napoleon than any other journal, now sets up the Prince de Joinville as its candidate for the next occasion. It boasts of having still the largest subscription list.

☞ A Scotch pupil being asked "who David was that killed the muckle giant?" replied, he was the son of Jesse, and that Jesse was "the flower of Dunblane."

☞ Perforated ventilating glass is beginning to be used in the construction of buildings in England.

☞ The London Dispatch says: "Our brotherhood of race and institutions, is with the United States; we think and feel as they do; our heart is right with their heart."

☞ A young lady of Boston has accepted an offer of $100 per month to act as book-keeper in a mercantile house in San Francisco. We also learn that several young ladies are about leaving Boston for California.

☞ A fashionable lady, being inquired of how she liked the dinner given at a distinguished party, her reply was, "The dinner was *splendid*, but my seat was so *remote* from the nick-nacks, that I could not *satisfy* my appetite, and the

[illegible]

ENGLISH MARKETS—BY THE HIBERNIA.

The cotton market opened on Monday at an advance of ⅛ to ¼ over the rates current at the sailing of the Europa. The Manchester market on Tuesday was very firm, and an advance was readily obtained on both goods and yarn, which fact had the effect to inspire increased confidence in the spool market, and another rise took place, and transactions in American descriptions were effected at ⅛d per lb. above the prices of the previous Saturday.

The sales of cotton for the week ending 19th, were larger than on any previous occasion in Liverpool, amounting to 101,000 bales, of which speculators took 65,620, exporters 1170—the remainder, 61,800, were taken by the trade. The committee's quotations for fair Mobile and fair Upland, and 6½d. to 6¾d. per lb. The total stock in Liverpool is estimated at 437,000 bales, against a stock at this time in 1848 of 538,000.

In the Wheat, Flour and Corn Markets, there has been no material change either in prices or in the extent of sales. Wheat is quoted from 4s 6d. to 5s 9d. per 70 lbs. Western Canal new Flour 19s. to 21s.; Philadelphia, 23s 6d; Baltimore, 24s., and Ohio 25s per bbl. Indian Corn is in steady request at 26s 6d. to 28s 6d. for white of good quality, and 27s 6d. to 28s for yellow.

In American cured provisions there is a healthy and rather improved trade going forward. There has been a decided improvement in the bacon market, more particularly in the lower qualities, which readily command very full prices. The sales of beef exceed an average amount at steady prices, the market closing firm. In pork there has been a moderate business, at previous prices. Hams have sold more freely, with transactions in lard, prices are rather in favor of the buyers.

In Tobacco there has been a large business done, both to the trade and on speculation; holders are very firm and anticipate higher rates. There is a good demand at full prices, for tin plates, the market being almost clear, in consequence of some speculation purchases. Scotch Pig Iron has advanced 1s. per ton. Welsh Iron is quoted at Liverpool at £5. 10 per ton. There continues a fair demand for Colonial produce, without perceptible change in prices. Accounts from the manufacturing districts are generally satisfactory, though in some particulars, less buoyant than by previous advices.

ALMANAC.

Oct. 1849.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
10 Saturday,	7 0	5 0	11 6	
11 Sunday,	7 1	4 59	11 59	D. H. M.
12 Monday,	7 3	4 57	12 38	
13 Tuesday,	7 4	4 56	1 16	
14 Wedn'sday,	7 5	4 55	1 54	Last 7 3 38
15 Thursday,	7 6	4 54	2 31	New 14 4 27
16 Friday,	7 7	4 53	3 18	First 22 9 57
17 Saturday,	7 8	4 52	4 5	Full 29 10 35

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Oct. 28,	62	68	72
29,	64	65	65
30,	52	53	52
31,	44	46	47
Nov. 1,	41	45	43
2,	40	44	47
3,	47	58	60

Marriages.

On the 7th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Kennaday, Robert K. Aikins, to Margaret Potter, both of Chester county.

On the 16th ult. by the same, Benj. F. Mendenhall, to Miss Elizabeth Vandever.

On the 27th ult. by the same, Isaac N. Drake, of Tallahassee, Florida, to Miss Harriet D. Trovilla, of this city.

On the 1st inst. at St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, George F. Sykes, to Roberta Lafetra, daughter of Daniel B. Cannon, Esq. all of this city.

On the 1st inst. according to the order of the Religious Society of Friends, Reuben Cooper, to Anna,

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 3.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES, No. 182 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia, is our general Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *James K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld John Collins, James Deering, Albert K. Wellington, R. S. James, Henry Platt, and E. A. Evans.*

Also, CHAS. S. HALL, for and in Arkansas.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Gardner Smith, Frederick J. Hawes, John W. Armstrong, Jason Taylor, E. M. Stevenson, W. Ramsey and Perrin Locke.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS, of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama, and Tennessee.

R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Pennsylvania.

CHARLES S. ROWLEY will receive subscriptions from new subscribers in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. for New York State.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. and collects for us in New York and the Canadas.

GEORGE H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
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Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY ANN S. STEPHENS AND CHARLES J. PETERSON.

DECEMBER NUMBER JUST OUT.

THE December number of this popular monthly is now ready for mailing; and is unrivalled in beauty. It contains contributions from *about thirty writers*, and *really a score of embellishments*, of which six are full-page illustrations, viz:

I. Mated, a Mezzotint.
II. Widow of Nain, Mezzotint.
III. Colored Fashions for December.
IV. Engraved Title-Page for 1850.
V. Christmas Waits.
VI. Portrait of Lady Bridgewater.

Now is the time to get up clubs for 1850. The January number will be out by the 1st of December, and will surpass anything ever published by the subscriber. Indeed, for next year, his Magazine will be made to excel in every point; and rendered so desirable that *even those who take the three dollar Magazines must take his also.* He intends, among other things,

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2.00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1.50
For one square 6 months,	$20.00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

☞ Payment is required in advance.

REVOLUTION IN PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

HOLDEN'S ILLUSTRATED DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

SINCE the death of the proprietor of this popular magazine, the property has passed into the hands of the subscriber, who will continue to publish it at the publication office No. 109 *Nassau Street, New York.*

THE NEW VOLUME,

To be commenced on the first of January, 1850, will comprise many important improvements, which, it is believed, will render the magazine one of the best periodicals published in the country, as it certainly is the cheapest. Among these improvements will be new and beautiful type, fine calendered paper, a higher order of illustrations than those heretofore given, and contributions from some of the ablest writers in America. It is the aim of the proprietor to publish a popular magazine, adapted to the wants of all classes of reading people in the Republic, which shall be both instructive and amusing; and free alike from the grossness which characterises much of the cheap literature of the day, and from the vapidity of the so-called "Ladies Magazines." The Illustrations will consist of Original Drawings engraved on wood by the best artists;

PORTRAITS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS AND VIEWS OF REMARKABLE PLACES,

illustrated by pen and pencil. A strict revision will be exercised that no improper article, or word, shall ever be admitted, so that it may be safely taken by persons of the utmost refinement, and read at the fire-side for the amusement or the instruction of the family circle.

The Review department of the magazine will contain brief critical notices of all the new publications of the day, and will form a complete chronicle of current literature.

From the business and literary connexions already established, the best assistance that the country can afford will be secured for completing the plans of the publisher, and nothing will be wanting that ample pecuniary resources and watchful industry can obtain to make the magazine the

LEADING LITERARY PERIODICAL OF AMERICA.

The extremely low rate at which it is published precludes the hope of profit, except from a circulation greater than that which any literary periodical has ever yet attained; but, with the new avenues daily opening for the circulation of works of merit, the constantly increasing population of the country, the cheapness of the magazine, and the superiority of its literary and artistic attractions to those of any other work now issued; the proprietor fearlessly engages in an enterprize which will be sure to benefit the public if it should not enrich himself.

The magazine will be under the editorial charge and supervision of CHARLES F. BRIGGS, who has been connected with it from the beginning.

The "Pulpit Portraits," a series of Biographical Sketches, accompanied by well engraved portraits of eminent Divines of the American Churches, which have formed a conspicuous feature of "HOLDEN," will be continued in the succeeding volumes of the magazine, and will render it of peculiar value to religious people of every denomination.

The Fifth Volume will commence on the first of January next, but will be issued on the 15th of December. Each number will consist of 64 Pages, and numerous Engravings. The Terms are

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

in advance; the magazine will be plainly and carefully directed, and sent by mail *at the risk of the subscriber.* As each number will be stereotyped, missing or lost numbers can be at any time supplied when ordered, but will be deducted from the time for which payment has been received. Remittances may be sent at the risk of the proprietor, provided a description of the bills are taken, and enclosed in the presence of the Post-Master as evidence of the fact.

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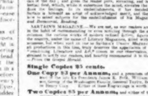

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SATURDAY E[VENING POST]

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of Terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

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N. B.—No deviation from the regular Terms will be practised. If less money is sent for a Club than we have agreed to take in our Prospectus, *we shall, in all cases, keep the money, and send only as many copies as it will pay for.*

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A NEW VOLUME OF GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY, 1850.

A NEW Volume of this popular periodical will be commenced on the first of January, 1850, with attractions of unrivalled splendor. The number will be ready for mailing and for agents about the 10th of December, and will exceed in merit and beauty any that has ever been published.

To dilate upon the superiority of this magazine is superfluous. Its fame is already spread throughout the

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DANIELS & SMITH, THE CHEAP BOOKSELLERS.

WM. DANIELS & SAML. B. SMITH, have left the corner of Arch and Fifth streets, and having formed a new firm, have opened a "Cheap, New and Second-hand Bookstore," at

No. 36 NORTH SIXTH STREET,

between Market and Arch streets, where their patrons and the public may always depend upon being supplied with books at lower prices than elsewhere.

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FITS! FITS!!

HART'S VEGETABLE EXTRACT

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Original Poetry.

MEN AND

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

THE BELLS.

BY

FAI

BY EDGAR A. POE.

Ed

[We consider the following even a more extraordinary and original poem than "The Raven." The chime of bells and words through the mind, making sounds words and actually conjured into and possible. It is a fine exercise for one who has no perfect fluency, deliver in reading—while no one but Mr. Kinsley, perhaps, could read it as it ought to be read.—*Editor Boston Eve. Post.*]

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight!
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!—
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future!—how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of time.
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:—
And their king it is who tolls:—
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pean of the bells—
Of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells—
Keeping time, time, time,
As he listens, listens, listens,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Interesting Sketch.

FROM GRAHAM'S LONDON JOURNAL.

A FEW WORDS ON JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

The dictionary of the English language, by Samuel Johnson, considered as the work of one unassisted individual, is not merely a literary marvel, but a performance of national interest and importance. We have always looked upon John son as a type of the English character. It has become usual to represent him as a kind of critic dictator in the virtues, peculiarities and prejudices which most prominently distinguish us as a nation His virtues, were of the order that will always command the reverence of the thinking portion of mankind, as he was a true and genuine,—blunt and rugged, independent, self-trusting, well-deserving, self-relying, self-respecting in all the incidents and circumstances of life. From the path of duty as that path lay revealed to him, no consideration could induce him to swerve; he was obstinately right, sometimes so obstinately wrong, but he pursued the course of mind which he had given way, whatever may be the obstacle opposed, nor which, as has been more than once the case when Englishmen are concerned, is often virtuous even to apparent impossibilities. The feeling of energetic self-reliance and resolute courage, which rendered him single handed to accomplish a task which in our hard hearted moment seemed to undertake, and which appeared far beyond the unassisted efforts of any ordinary intellect, may be well described as remembering in the character and sympathy that has distinguished our brave soldiers on many a desperate field, which has engulfed them to the breach and the battery, where success was all but impossible, and, under the most appalling circumstances, prevented them from perceiving a retreat, or understanding when they were beaten It will be remarked that Johnson had a full appreciation of the difficulties of his position, and the he felt a species of *national* pride in surmounting them. He had made up his mind to support the credit of his country. Had forty Frenchmen had come in forty years, he was manfully and sturdily man enough to do them. A characteristic colloquy on this subject has been preserved in Boswell, which we venture to cite—

"Dr. Adams found him, one day, busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued —

Adams—This is a great work, sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?

Johnson—Why, sir, here is a shelf with Junius and Skinner, and others, and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh.

Adams—But, sir, how can you do it in three years.

Johnson—Sir, I have no doubt I can do it in three years.

Adams—But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary.

Johnson—Sir, that is no. This is the proportion. Let me see: forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As there is sixteen hundred, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

With every discouragement from without, it was well that he was thus firmly supported from within. The difficulties with which he had to contend have never been equalled. Sometimes he was working for his daily bread; he had but the booksellers to look to for subsistence, and he was often engaged in enormous compositions, for wealthy patrons availed upon his talents, and, insulted him with customary finish, on learned topics of literature tendered their assistance, or forfeited his researches, as infinite and neglect he procured his lonely labors, and with some bitterness of spirit, and real sickness of heart, presented their result to the world. We may well imagine that

* With the honorable exception of Baron Pace-Bishop of Rochester, who rendered him a paper containing about twenty etymologies.

letters a work of such magnitude was fairly completed, author, transcribers, printer, and bookseller had alike some claims for weariness. The bookseller who conducted the publication was Mr. Andrew Millar, and when the messenger who carried the last sheet to him, returned, Johnson (so patiently asked what he said to the message. "Sir," said the trusty messenger, "he said, 'Thank God! I've done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."

In the preface to the Dictionary—certainly one of the finest specimens of Johnson's prose style—he could not, of course, refrain from adverting to the circumstances under which the work had been composed; and the contempt to which some of its more as valuable as a model of a lofty and pathetic eloquence, and as throwing a picture of the author's mind and character, that we venture to give it insertion.

"In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much is performed; and those who, in times of less opposition and of leisure, shall undertake to review and correct the labors of others, may find in the apologetic phrase, "Mr. Johnson, I do intreat, that you will consider that I have many things to do," how immediately there, separation, "That, sir, is the reason why I have left undone what you command *Judy*." And when an unlucky Scotchman was sounding the praises of his native country, and observed that "Scotland had a great many noble noble prospects," we may remind our readers that Scotland is not without parallel. "I do not love, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for the goodness of its black cattle. But, sir, let me tell you, that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England." To return to the Dictionary, we find a most touching poverty in the quotations of the word *Grave*, viz.—"A grave which, in England, is generally given to heroes, and, which, in my opinion, is the noblest." It is not a pattern, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help! The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had I been early favored had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am unfurnished, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no favor has been conferred, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Time values has enabled me to do for myself."

In the advertisement to the fourth edition, we find the following beautiful passage: *Johnson knows*, and we cite them principally to show the independent tone, which the former complaints assumed upon minor matters, and the dignified and magisterial character of his ordinary communications. "Many have been the expectations of Sisyphus I have taken away, and some delusions I have brought upon myself. Those methodical arts that were slenderized, and illuminated none that were made more easy. The rule of three still puzzles the merchant, and the art of reckoning still eludes the student. The critic will now have less to object, but the student who has begun all the rules and examples need not regret: he will not, without nice calculation, perceive they differ from his predecessors, nor from depends upon little things. For negligence or dulness have, perhaps, produced as many seeming variations as accuracy and diligence. The orthography and pronunciation will be thought by some capricious and irregular, but those changes are made by gradual and analogical direction. Of the desire of variation will be found no example; I have not wantonly altered any received practice, nor departed from it but when experience showed the inconvenience of adhering to it. To those rules I have steadily endeavored to adapt my language, and if I have sometimes deviated, it was because I was overpowered by the multitude of examples, which I could not collect but that I might reduce them to regularity. Exceptions will occur, but rules must be formed, and general determinations must be made by the greater number of instances."

In finding a definition for the word *Patriot*, he has introduced a series of popular political worthy of Sir Robert Walpole himself.' We believe that on one occasion, in private conversation he spoke of parliamentary generally as of the last refuge of a scoundrel." In the Dictionary, after giving the literal signification of *Journey-woman*, he tells us that it is a word "sometimes used for a fictitious datterher of the Government." We have thus a very characteristic agreement between the famous Whig statesman and the wondrous Tory of modern times. In the following, by the way, of these two great party names, he took care to prostitute his political bias. Whilst a Tory is defined to be "one who adheres to the ancient Constitution of the State, and the spontaneal hereaveby of the Church of England," the word *Whig* is contemptuously dismissed as "the name of a faction." We believe, in one of his carefully recited oral conversations, he is represented as speaking of a friend as a man after his own heart; "For, sir, I said he, 'the latter a fool, he hates a scoundrel, and he hates a Whig.'"

We should neglect the opportunity of giving vent to his *national* prejudices, and especially to his prejudice against the Scotch, if we omitted to all know how poor Boswell was condemned, when on his visit to Edinburgh, to undergo the apologetic phrase, "Mr. Johnson, I do intreat, that you will consider that I have many things to do." Johnson, however, was immediately there, separation, "That, sir, is the reason why I have left undone what you command *Judy*." And when an unlucky Scotchman was sounding the praises of his native country, and observed that "Scotland had a great many noble noble prospects," we may remind our readers that Scotland is not without parallel. "I do not love, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for the goodness of its black cattle. But, sir, let me tell you, that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England." To return to the Dictionary, we find a most touching poverty in the quotations of the word *Grave*, viz.—"A grave which, in England, is generally given to heroes, and, which, in my opinion, is the noblest." It is not a pattern, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help! The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had I been early favored had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am unfurnished, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no favor has been conferred, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Time values has enabled me to do for myself."

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Wit and Humor.

THE LAWYER VS. THE FOOL.

Deacon Frost, a wealthy dower residing in K—, one of the most beautiful and flourishing towns in the State of New York, was taking a long number of selected heaves to the Boston market. It chanced that on the way thither, several of the stock became lame, and the deacon was in a tremendous fumor residing in an adjoining town, accidentally stopped among the *Sisters of Deacon* F. The good Deacon, of course, not noticing the addition to his herd, could not be expected to separate them, and in time, all, including those belonging to friend Guest, were duly disposed of, (if not according to law, certainly according to justice,) and the poor Deacon safely deposited in the pocket of the worthy Mr. Guest.

It so happened, however, that Bill Dykes, (better known as "Fat Tom,") saw the matter as they passed, and recognized the brand of cattle.

"Bill," said Mr. G., "are you sure it was my cattle you saw in Deacon Frost's fence?"

"Sure?" said Bill, "well now I guess I am; I know'd 'em as well as I know'd my own, and I'll swear to 'em in any court in the country."

"Well," said Mr. Guest, "I'll go and get my lawyer, and you have a grand swear. Norway, too, has noble prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for the goodness of its black cattle. But, sir, let me tell you, that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England." To return to the Dictionary, we find a most touching poverty in the quotations of the word *Grave*, viz.—"A grave which, in England, is generally given to heroes, and, which, in my opinion, is the noblest." It is not a pattern, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help! The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had I been early favored had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am unfurnished, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no favor has been conferred, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Time values has enabled me to do for myself."

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* Boswell's Johnson, vol. i.

In one of his minor works, the "Memoirs of Frederick II., king of Prussia," written in the year 1756, the following occurs at end to error. He e speaks of the pride which Frederick's father took in having the tallest regiment in Europe, and continues. "To accuse the king of vanity would be to deny prowess, and to pardon it was to mock his fame. Sir when he had a tall woman, he immediately commanded one of his Christian subjects to marry her, that they might propagate giants."

(Gordon's "History of Earth," vol. ii.

his opinion that the matter was libellous, but no prosecution was instituted, and not long afterwards, in a number of the "Idler," Johnson, writing daintily, classed together as "the two lowest of all human beings, a scribbler for a party, and a Commissioner of Excise."

In finding a definition for the word *Pension*, he has introduced a series of popular political worthy of Sir Robert Walpole himself.' We believe that on one occasion, in private conversation he spoke of parliamentary generally as of the last refuge of a scoundrel." In the Dictionary, after giving the literal signification of *Journey-woman*, he tells us that it is a word "sometimes used for a fictitious datterher of the Government." We have thus a very characteristic agreement between the famous Whig statesman and the wondrous Tory of modern times. In the following, by the way, of these two great party names, he took care to prostitute his political bias. Whilst a Tory is defined to be "one who adheres to the ancient Constitution of the State, and the spontaneal hereaveby of the Church of England," the word *Whig* is contemptuously dismissed as "the name of a faction." We believe, in one of his carefully recited oral conversations, he is represented as speaking of a friend as a man after his own heart; "For, sir, I said he, 'the latter a fool, he hates a scoundrel, and he hates a Whig.'"

We should neglect the opportunity of giving vent to his *national* prejudices, and especially to his prejudice against the Scotch, if we omitted to all know how poor Boswell was condemned, when on his visit to Edinburgh, to undergo the apologetic phrase, "Mr. Johnson, I do intreat, that you will consider that I have many things to do." Johnson, however, was immediately there, separation, "That, sir, is the reason why I have left undone what you command *Judy*." And when an unlucky Scotchman was sounding the praises of his native country, and observed that "Scotland had a great many noble noble prospects," we may remind our readers that Scotland is not without parallel. "I do not love, sir, you have a great many. Norway, too, has noble prospects; and Lapland is remarkable for the goodness of its black cattle. But, sir, let me tell you, that the noblest prospect which a Scotchman ever sees, is the high road that leads him to England." To return to the Dictionary, we find a most touching poverty in the quotations of the word *Grave*, viz.—"A grave which, in England, is generally given to heroes, and, which, in my opinion, is the noblest." It is not a pattern, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help! The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had I been early favored had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am unfurnished, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations, where no favor has been conferred, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Time values has enabled me to do for myself."

In the advertisement to the fourth edition, we find the following beautiful passage: *Johnson knows*, and we cite them principally to show the independent tone, which the former complaints assumed upon minor matters, and the dignified and magisterial character of his ordinary communications. "Many have been the expectations of Sisyphus I have taken away, and some delusions I have brought upon myself. Those methodical arts that were slenderized, and illuminated none that were made more easy. The rule of three still puzzles the merchant, and the art of reckoning still eludes the student. The critic will now have less to object, but the student who has begun all the rules and examples need not regret: he will not, without nice calculation, perceive they differ from his predecessors, nor from depends upon little things. For negligence or dulness have, perhaps, produced as many seeming variations as accuracy and diligence. The orthography and pronunciation will be thought by some capricious and irregular, but those changes are made by gradual and analogical direction. Of the desire of variation will be found no example; I have not wantonly altered any received practice, nor departed from it but when experience showed the inconvenience of adhering to it. To those rules I have steadily endeavored to adapt my language, and if I have sometimes deviated, it was because I was overpowered by the multitude of examples, which I could not collect but that I might reduce them to regularity. Exceptions will occur, but rules must be formed, and general determinations must be made by the greater number of instances."

* Boswell's Johnson, vol. i.

For the Ladies.

LETTERS TO COUNTRY GIRLS.

BY MRS. SWISSHELM.

"What—another lecture!" Yes, girls, another lecture. I fancy I long ago that I should have to read you a long one about minding your mothers. Perhaps you have not thought much about it—Honor thy father and thy mother," but very likely you have. Well, I am not going to write a character, yet few young people deal the affections of their parents that is becoming, right and beautiful. Did you ever sit and think about what your mother would better I should say, Did you ever remember the days and nights of care, toil and anxiety she has had for you? Did you ever measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about the sacrifices you owe your mother that you will be able to pay? If so, did you look once and consider what you could do? If you have not, you ever can, or ever douhey but I. If you did, I will tell you something you can do, and tell you what you should make your chief, have every time you think of it. If it is not that will be sure to be remembered with it. But, friend, I fear you have not. The darker then lived in Gough Street, and I was a little girl. I had a mother, and she had her and barricaded the door, and from the window harangued the mobs-men and lauded in the streets below. I did not know what it all meant, but I knew my mother was in danger, and my little cheeks to the utmost." About this time my father was dragged through the streets by a ferocious mob may be to be delayed by distress, so that I can not tell the exact time he carried the city—good morning."

"Mother, I want money to pay your bill before you go," screamed the last danger.

"I am obliged to you," said the dear gentleman, and he pulled out there or, and he took up his satchel and bags and departed. As he mounted, the mob gave a shout, and began to laugh and jeer at the awkward embarrassment which afflicted the benefactor, who was in despair, while he handed after the mob, and he was in despair, while he handed after pending his assistance, that he would certainly be obliged to return, and that he would be in the safety of the house, and recommend it to all his friends. Many years after, I met him in the profession who no well offered deafness, was the wages he had studied to the success of his scheme, but I pass his bill that time he carried the city.

Pictures of Life.

CHASED BY A CATAMOUNT.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

I was once told a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot vouch for it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied all its facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning, I came to the house of the above-named person, the oldest inhabitant." He kindly accosted me, and I gladly entered into conversation with him.

"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this region, there was not a house between here and it. You who now live in ease, can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the first settlers passed. Here I came with my axe in my hand, and I will show you the exact spot on which I first laid that instrument at this town we located."

He looked silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the wood and of Farm Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was erected my first cabin. I shall never forget the first night I slept in it, for the story I was told."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I will tell it to you. When the first settler came to the wilderness, he cannot neglect family unless distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut through the woods himself. So that a man if want or sickness, he might get no assistance from his neighbor. I had been here a season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He arose early and started on his journey. He came to Rumford, and bought his provisions, and started for home. He was successful in getting his potatoes, pot some necessaries, and started for home. But it was not to be. Before he had gone half the way, he found, finally, at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to stop and camp out for the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it, and was situated just on the other side of the stream on the road to Bethel.

"Mr. Bolton, in the village now known as Farmington, was in